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THE ROMANCE OF OLD BOSTON

During the summer of 1630, the settlers of Charlestown were suffering from the need of fresh water. Reverend William Blackstone, a lone inhabitant of land on the other side of the Charles River, invited Governor Winthrop and his colonists to move across to the peninsular called Shawmut or the "Neck of Land of Boston." Shawmut was the Indian name for the peninsular which after 1630 became the town of Boston, and two hundred years later, the city of Boston.

The colonists of Charlestown accepted the invitation and took up their abode near what to us is known as Boston Common. Before their arrival, Mr. Blackstone was a lone inhabitant of that land. In 1634, however, he moved away and, before going, sold to the town his piece of land extending from approximately the present location of the Houghton and Dutton store to Mason Street. This land was used by the town as a common field and pasture. The people appointed a keeper of the cows and a shepherd.

Thirty years passed, before a part of the Common was set aside as a burial place. The land was let out each year for pasturage as in other burial grounds. The cemetery was known as the South Burial Ground until 1728, when it was voted to build a granary in the common next to the burying ground, which thenceforth became known as the Granary Burial Ground.

A four-story wooden building was erected. Originally it was a store house for corn, rye and flour to be sold to the needy at cost in time of famine. It was later used for the manufacture of sail cloth, and it became the home of the inspector of ashes later on. It was then remodelled into stores and finally removed and used as the hotel "Tinion."

Today, on the site of that old granary building stands a fine old edifice with a Christopher-Wren-like steeple. The architect, Peter Banner, was an Englishman about whom little is known except that he designed the Bussey House in Jamaica Plain, the home of Motley the historian.

In all its pride, the stately Park Street Church has since 1809 stood in its prominent position at the corner of the street leading to the State House. One author has said: "It seems as if it had grown there, so natural it is, so easy, so graceful."

The spire, modelled after the one on St. Bride's Church, Fleet St., London, England, is one of the finest in the United States. It rises not from the building itself, but from a separate tower. The Church and tower are connected by pillared curves. The Ionic and Corinthian capitals of the steeple were the work of the Bostonian, Solomon Willard, also the architect of Bunker Hill Monument.

The church is the best remaining example of early 19th century ecclesiasti-

cal architecture.

For years, the meeting house stood, a dull, drab, painted brick building. Around it whistled the winds that mark the corner of Park St. and Tremont St. as one of the coldest in Boston. Long ago, Appleton, brother-in-law of Longfellow, was inspired to jest that there really ought to be a shorn lamb tethered there!

The history of the Church is only equalled by that of the Old South Church. Dr. Griffin, the first minister, preached such intense orthodoxy that the corner received the name of "Brimstone Corner."

There is a tradition that the sidewalk on Sunday mornings during the pastorate of Dr. Griffin, were sprinkled with sulphur in order to attract the attention of the passers-by.

The first Trinitarian Church established after the invasion of Unitarianism in the Puritan churches has witnessed many a historic event.

It was the place in which "America," a hymn written by the Rev. Samuel F. Smith for Dr. Lowell Mason, a music master of Boston, was first sung at a children's concert on July 4, 1832. In the audience at the time, was Rev. Edward Everett Hale, then a boy.

On a preceding 4th of July, 1829, William Lloyd Garrison, then not 24 years old, gave his first public address in Boston against slavery.

And in 1817 the first Sunday School Class in Boston was held here.

In 1849, Charles Sumner gave his great address on "The War System of Nations," at the annual convention of the American Peace Society, which that year began to hold its sessions there. The church remained the peace society's regular place of meeting for a long period.

Dr. A. L. Stone preached the patriotic sermons of the Civil War from the pulpit. On September 20, 1862, Rev. Stone after speaking of the dreadful disaster to the Union Army at Antietam, said: "I am going myself," and went as Chaplain of a regiment largely composed of young men from his church.

Some time during the 40's, Marcus Whitman, a missionary to the Puget Sound Indians, addressed an audience

in behalf of the acquisition of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, by this country. He so carried his hearers that he was able to equip a caravan which he conducted and took possession of land which without his efforts might have belonged to Canada today.

The old meeting-house has been remodelled twice—in 1836 and again in 1900. The paint has been removed from the brick so that now the edifice is charming in its mellow red brick, and gleaming white paint. Today the solemnity and grandeur of the church may be noted in contrast to the shops beneath.

In the shadow of the edifice and partly walled in by business houses, sleep many notables: governors, signers of the Declaration of Independence, ministers, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, John Phillips—1st mayor of Boston and father of Wendell Phillips,—victims of the Boston Massacre, and others.

To some, the old Granary Burying Ground may recall the story of the two young duellists who fought to the death on Boston Common. Others think of Mother Goose whose grave is there among others. She is believed to have been a Boston widow who sang the little rhymes to her grandson whose father, being a printer, had them published in book form. According to the late William H. Whitmore, "Mother Goose" was not Elizabeth Vergoose, a seventeenth century native of Boston, nor was "Mother Goose" a name that originated in Boston. "Mother Goose" was known to little French children as early as 1659.

The ancient, deep shaded Granary Burying Ground is believed to be one of the most impressive in the world. There would be a strange unexpectedness if responses should come, for many of the stones were long ago indiscriminately changed about. At one time they were even tidied and set in rows to suit the landscape gardening ideas of a city official. Mild objections were raised but too late.

Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked that the stones tell the truth when they say "Here lies."

The public goes hurrying by the high, open, iron fence standing on a low, dark

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AT 1914-1920 WASHINGTON STREET

Perhaps you have never ventured so far up Washington Street in the Roxbury direction, or maybe you ride by every morning, on rasping surface or roaring elevated, this particular spot I have in mind. Those who have never ventured there by rail, on foot, or otherwise have yet to become acquainted with this district best described by mention of the too prevalent groups of gilt balls. In passing you may hesitate to stop, such is the uninviting aspect. But two footsore, weary would-be-artists, tramping in the opposite direction from which they meant to go, found the Caproni Galleries a delightful haven in the midst of mingled odor of markets, roar of railroads, and confused rumblings of carts and trucks.

It is through this firm, the largest of its kind I believe, that individuals, art schools and institutions of every kind may obtain reproductions of the world's greatest masterpieces of sculpture at nominal prices. That in itself is interesting—but what is of more concern to us, during our period of study in Boston, is the fact that at any time we are free and welcome to wander as we will through these galleries of plaster sculpture, from the heroic to the miniature in size.

Reproductions of all the classics fill the main hall, with portions of the Parthenon frieze above and Assyrian sculptured reliefs along the sides. Here indeed is a veritable museum of the antique, a careful study of which might—well—supplement a text book of art history. Della Robbia cherubim and seraphim are present in abundance, together with his Cantoria Frieze in its entirety. There are interesting medallions from the Medici collection and a number of small reliefs of the famous men of more recent times. For students are plant forms, fruits and flowers, architectural orders, pediments and consoles. A heterogeneous collection of arms, legs, hands and feet, cast from life, reminds one a trifle of a Bluebeard's chamber. Of more than passing interest are Barye's admirable animal groups of crouching lion, stealthy panther, and

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THE NORTH END

Oh, is this really America! And Boston! Why, we thought Boston was one of those prim old Colonial towns with white houses, and green doors, and carefully tended miniature front yards. But here!

These steep, narrow streets with all the funny little shops—the little shops which peep out from under dusty, rusty old balconies like guilty children caught with jam on their faces! And the things these queer shops hold in their windows—not jam, but queer contortions of dough. We buy our bread in prosaic loaves, but these people must roll it out like a cruller and tie it up in mysterious Turk's heads, and brush it with milk or glue or shellac or whatever makes it as shiny as these knotted buns are. Like as not, in the same window will be hanging great, fat bologna festively looped up to make room for bunches of red purple onions and garlands of tawny dried apricots. And in the middle there will be fat yellow pears and round red apples and a wicked curved knife which is never employed for anything more cruel than separating a banana from its mother stalk.

The little shop next door will have shiny brass candle-sticks, and rows and rows of colored glass pendants which might well have done service in the ear of Cleopatra or Helen of Troy—or any of those famous vamps! The lovely colors will be softened by a thin, subdued layer of dust. High up near the ceiling will be hanging a torn and dirty tapestry, or a lovely damask with its exquisite design faintly traceable in the dirt. In the doorway will stand a round-faced, grizzled old man whose eyes are lined with many fine laugh wrinkles, while behind him will be his sad-faced daughter whose natural beauty makes us catch ourselves rudely staring. Why must she be so solemn and he so merry?

Wherever you walk you will dodge, trip, and circle around toddling youngsters with big black eyes framed in lashes that are the envy of their big sisters, wearing all manner of handed down clothing. You will meet tiny ones swathed in grimy shawls of beautiful pattern, who trudge along under red,

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THE ANCIENT CODFISH

Among the many thousands who daily lift their eyes to the golden dome of the State House rising above the piled roofs of Beacon Hill there are comparatively few who know that beneath the glowing crown there hangs a sacred image, a votive offering to the god of prosperity. The origin of this idol is shrouded in mystery. The first sacred codfish (for of such a humble shape is the effigy) may have fallen from heaven as did many of the idols of the ancient world, or it may have drifted in upon the sparkling waters of Massachusetts Bay.

There is a dim tradition that in the Provincial House of Assembly there hung a wooden codfish which was the gift of Judge Samuel Sewall, though he fails to mention it in his "Diary." The Town House of the Province, in which the Assembly held its sessions, stood at the head of State Street, near the spot now occupied by the Old State House. It was a quaint building having beneath its lower floor an arcade or "Walk for Merchants" where the produce of the surrounding country was displayed for sale. The building itself contained the Council Chamber, the House of Commons (or Assembly) and another spacious room for the sessions of the Court of Justice. When the structure was burned, December 9, 1747 this traditional codfish doubtless perished amid the smoke that clouds its history.

The Old State House, which is still standing, was erected the following year and we know that some time before 1773 another finny effigy occupied a similar place of honor, for in an old bill of that year, presented by Thomas Crafts, Jr. to the Province of Massachusetts Bay for painting the State House there appears this item:—

To painting codfish—15 shillings. At some unknown time subsequent to this record the codfish in his fifteen shillings' worth of paint disappeared and was doubtless destroyed for the closest historical research fails to reveal any further facts regarding it.

In the Journal of the House of Representatives of Wednesday, March 17, 1784 appears the following entry.

"Mr. Rowe moved the House that leave might be given to hang up the

representation of a Codfish in the room where the House sit, as a memorial of the importance of the Cod Fishery to the welfare of this Commonwealth, as had been usual formerly. The said motion having been seconded the question was put and leave given for the purpose aforesaid."

Thus the third codfish came into being and in 1798 when the archives of the Commonwealth were transferred to the State House on Beacon Hill the effigy was moved also and suspended in the Chamber of the House of Representatives in the "Bulfinch Front," where it remained until March 7, 1895. In 1874 when the fish was taken down to be painted, Captain Thomas Tucker, the venerable doorkeeper of the House, measured it, finding it to be a solid block of wood with a length of four feet and eleven inches.

For nearly a hundred years the sacred fish maintained its habitat in the Bulfinch front, then, the extension of the State House at the rear having been completed the Great and General Court moved from the older part of the building to the chamber which it now occupies. It was on the second of January, 1895 that the members of the House of Representatives met for the last time in the older chamber. At that time the following motion of Ernest W. Roberts of Chelsea, was unanimously adopted.

"Ordered, That a committee of three be appointed to prepare and report to the House the complete history of the codfish suspended in the chamber of the House of Representatives." On Monday, March 4, when the report of the committee was submitted Mr. Woodfall of Rockport offered an order directing the immediate removal of the ancient "representation of a codfish" from the chamber recently vacated by the House. The order was finally postponed until March 7, and assigned for half past two o'clock when it was debated at length. After the debate a committee of fifteen members under the escort of Sargent-at-Arms, J. G. B. Adams, proceeded to the chamber in the Bulfinch front. There the precious emblem was lowered from its high station, wrapped in the American flag, deposited upon a

bier and borne in solemn procession to the present chamber of the House of Representatives. As the cortege entered the members of the House arose and the historic image received a vigorous round of applause. It was placed upon a table in front of the Speaker's desk and the committee appointed to prepare the complete history submitted their report.

From the flowers of rhetoric which graced the occasion we may well gather these lines comprising the opening paragraphs of the report.

"Poised high aloft in the old hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, riding serenely the sound waves of debate, unperturbed by the ebb and flow of enactment and repeal or the desultory storms that vexed the nether depths of oratory, there has hung through immemorial years an ancient codfish, quaintly wrought in wood and painted to the life.

Humble the subject and homely the design; yet this painted image bears on its finny front a majesty greater than the dignity that art can lend to graven gold or chiselled marble. The sphere it fills is vaster than that through which its prototype careered with all the myriad tribes of the great deep. The lessons

that may be learned of it are nobler than any to be drawn from what is only beautiful; for this sedate and solitary fish is instinct with memories and prophecy, like an oracle. It swims symbolic in that wider sea whose confines are the limits set to the activities of human thought. It typifies to the citizens of the Commonwealth and of the world the founding of a State. It commemorates Democracy. It celebrates the rise of free institutions. It emphasizes progress. It epitomizes Massachusetts.

The emblem was repainted by Mr. Walter M. Brackett of Boston, a well known artist, and on May 6, was elevated to the position indicated by an order offered by Mr. Roe of Worcester.

Ordered, That the historic figure of the codfish, when suspended, be placed opposite the Speaker's chair, between the two central columns, and under the names "Motley" and "Parkman."

And here, where men come and go, where eloquence ebbs and flows, where all the rush and urge of changeable times and changing customs sweep into oblivion the aspirations of the past the sacred Codfish hangs, dark, cryptic, sphinxlike, guarding the secrets of the State.

A. M. H.

ELFLAND IN BOSTON

Calm, cool breezes were blowing gently over my face as I trudged merrily along toward the top of a distant hill. The weather was in one of those slippery, beguiling moods, when one does not quite know where to step. Suddenly I found I had passed beyond the city I had known as Boston. Somehow I had strayed absent-mindedly into a most un-Boston like place. A musty air was all around; "Antique Shop" signs were vaguely hanging from nowhere. Small, untidy children raced around after a crowd of little boys who were being stupendously entertained by a rough and tumble fight.

One boy, in a torn blue suit patched here and there with a red checkered table cloth, faded interestingly into the color scheme of an old brick building nearby. This house quite bewitched me. It made me think of the "Chambered Nautilus." Little rooms had been added

here, there, anywhere, to suit the needs of a growing household. Tiny, weird, little windows played peek-a-boo with each other and hid around unexpected corners. Few of these windows were curtained; but those that were seemed dusty, old and yellow and fairly shrieked with untold legends of great mysterious charm.

This house was much like one I am certain I saw when I went to the land of the playful, teasing, funny little elves. It surely had all the charm and mystery, tragedy and comedy of that dear old house from Elf-Land. Yes, I almost jumped for joy; for right out of one of these very windows popped the face of a little wizened, dried up old lady. A tiny little head with crisp, curling hair which frouseled all about, forming an elfish cobweb effect. Twinkling, dancing eyes fairly bursting with humor

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SYMBOLS

Our complex life today needs touches of the exquisite, the refined, to balance the tenseness of the existence of the average human being who is intensely and often nervously immersed in his or her job, even if this job is not a profession—but a self ordained accumulation of duties or even pastimes which because of the intensity of their hold seem to change themselves into duties rather than pleasures. Everyone needs the aesthetics of life. We have for years preached the urgent need of the layman to see good pictures and hear good music; we have not, however, realized that the aesthetics of life take form fully as much in expression as in impression. Everyone can have access to a very important aesthetic form of expression and to do this he need be neither gifted or clever, only open-minded and patient. Symbols are the aesthetics of life. A warmth and graciousness put into a "Good morning" implies in its suggestion a kindly feeling towards the approaching person. A man and woman walk down the street—the man must walk on the outside. This symbolizes the old chivalrous thought of protecting woman from harm. Rising when another enters the room is a symbol of respect and cordiality. Even the casual exchange of words about the weather is usually not as inane as it appears to be; the connotation of it is this: it is a source of communion of interest be it ever so slight—that unity of thought is expressed—and since it stands for a unity of thought it is not to be belittled. These are symbols in life, and these and legion more crystallize the aesthetics of human society and human intercourse. There are people of excellent ethics who strip their lives of all this or, rather, never had it to strip off. These people may be painters or actors or writers or doctors or whatnot, whatever they are and whatever they accomplish they do not live in a life of symbols and therefore cannot be thoroughly aesthetic.

The aesthetics of symbols is tangent to the even subtler and more lovely idea of suggestions, illusions and intimations. Leonardo da Vinci is the world's greatest painter not alone for his complete mastery of form and content but

because his chiaroscuro gives us something to dream about and his women's smiles are veracity because of their enigma. The most exquisite human relations of friendship or love are near perfect in their near complete understanding because two people can never fully understand each other. A child once said very wisely she loved best the poems she could not understand. Thus I feel that the aesthetics of ideas suggested is a source of true satisfaction. Are we of today not beginning to be hardened and dulled toward a sensitive perception of symbols and suggestions?

In the life of yesterday there was a keener sense for the implication of ideas. Would we perhaps be profounder in our understanding of the past if we could try to understand the symbols of the ancients? The Christian Church, particularly the Roman Catholic Church and to a large extent the Church of England, has preserved the sacredness of symbolism. The Japanese imply an entire life attitude, a touching aestheticism, in their old decree "In the presence of flowers keep silence." And, again going from the sublime to the ridiculous, how entrancingly intelligent they are in their amusing genre humour shown in their netsukes! These must not be taken as petits isolated carvings of passersby or queer animals—they are indeed symbols that suggest a most delightfully refreshing world attitude toward life. The symbolism of the ancient Greeks we have taken seriously only to a certain extent. That is, we have always looked towards the deities and the sibyls through spectacles of condescension—never seriously wanting to take their attitude. But over and above all we have shown ourselves incompetent mentally in our attitude towards the symbolism of ancient Egypt. We have laughed at the size of the Pharaoh compared to his slaves, calling him out of proportion, not being able to sense the keenness of their symbolism. We have often spoken of the polytheistic attitude of the ancient Egyptians without being intellectual enough to perceive that the many deities—some in animal guise—were, until the degeneration of Egypt, merely symbols and at-

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"LE GRAND CANAL," By Claude Monet

Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts

CLAUDE MONET

The great leader of the Impressionist movement was born in Paris, at a house on the Rue Lafitte, on the fourteenth day of November—the same day as his future friend, Auguste Rodin. Le Havre was his home from early childhood. It was in this city that Eugene Bondin made the acquaintance of Monet, who always expressed gratitude to the "little master" as having been the one to show him the beauties of land and sea and to inspire him to become an open air painter. Of this last Monet was the pioneer.

The year 1861 marked the formation of the future Impressionist School. These painters were feeling their way toward a new technique of painting. After their works had been persistently rejected by the Salons, these exponents of the new art banded together, and in 1874 exhibited their canvases directly to the public. Monet hung a number of his pastels and paintings, one of which was entitled *Sunrise, an Impression*. This title denoted the rapid recording of an optical sensation. The critics wrathfully took it up as a target for ridicule and forthwith dubbed each experimenter an Impressionist. It was by the merest chance that this term came to be applied to artists whose efforts were

directed toward presenting scenes of modern everyday life in the light of atmospheric color effects.

Famous as he became, Monet never received the formal recognition of the state. At the age of eighty-three he put the finishing touches on his notable decorative frieze, the *Nymphias*, intended as a gift to the State which never did anything for him. No trace of rancor embittered the memory of those difficult years when he and Renoir lived on a field of potatoes, planted and tilled with their own hands; years when poverty and insult was the lot of all those companions who shared their ideal.

Monet was endowed with a vision as intense as it was original. He always disclaimed any use of theories but analysis of his works has provided many theories of color.

In his early youth, Claude Monet, dazzled by the sea and skies of Normandy, subconsciously chose his task: the expression of air, of light, of the stir, the thrill, the movement, the unceasing changes, the endless transformations of atomic life—therein lay his originality. With him, color was only a medium for the transmission of light.

Monet's work presents uniquely the
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EDITORIAL



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ASSEMBLY

How about our Assembly? Does it function in the life of the school as it should, and just what is its function anyway? To reply intelligently to the first question we need to know the answer to the second; and it is right here in comprehending the purpose of the Assembly and its importance in our school society that I believe confusion exists in the minds of many students and some faculty members as well.

With due allowance for those who disagree with me, there would seem to be many who do not regard the Assembly as a personal privilege or even a personal duty, but as a somewhat questionable and often irritating interruption in the really important work of the day.

Again, the idea that the Assembly is a sort of hour of entertainment provided by school authority in which the student himself has no personal responsibility is made evident by the attitude of the audience in the Assembly hall. What student who felt a real personal interest in the success of the Assembly would jeopardize its benefits by an inexcusably late arrival, or by conversation so voluble and protracted as to embarrass the leader, or would treat the period of singing with a levity which robs it of its beauty and dignity and interferes with the right of others to enjoy it?

What shall we say of our group responsibility, not to say courtesy, when we invite a guest to speak to us, and then, because we find him dull and verbose, indulge in unrestrained conversation that drowns out his words, and renders his serious effort a farce?

I feel that I have said enough to justify my contention that the average student is confused as to the purpose of the Assembly and its function in the life of the school.

What is my idea of Assembly? You cannot get my conception of the value of the Assembly unless you first recall the primary purpose of our coming together as a school. We are here to learn beauty, to achieve beauty, to learn it so sensitively and to absorb it so fully that it radiates out of our lives, and illumines the lives of those around us. In this way, by the force of example we spread its gospel. For us who are trained to see and to discriminate, ugliness becomes a crime—a crime against our society—the society of those whose training and whose life stands for finer things.

The school Assembly is the one opportunity afforded in our many sided school life for a mutual getting together. It is the place for development of self expression which a school like ours lacks sadly. It is a place for the cultivation and exhibition of school spirit, in which again, compared with other types of schools, we are singularly handicapped. It is the place to show courtesy and generosity and self restraint. It is the place above all others which the school affords for refined and considerate behavior, in keeping with the devotion to beauty which we profess. Our Assembly should be dignified and sincere. It should have the student and faculty back of it, 100 per cent strong, in enthusiasm, in co-operation and in responsibility.

What can we do to make our Assembly better? In the first place let us give it the serious position it deserves in the school, not as a place of doubtful entertainment but as a center of our social life. We are here not exclusively to learn painting or sculpture or to design or teach school. We are here to learn how to live beautifully and to con-

tribute beautifully to society as citizens of the world in which we live. Let us learn to look upon our assembly as our finest opportunity within the school for the cultivation of social virtues. Let us make it a place where we do *what* we do sincerely. We want to be true—not sham. Let us take part in its activities, and give our best however poor it may be; and let us, as spectators be good enough sports to realize that the other fellow is giving his best, too, and that in as much as he tries to make his presentation honest and beautiful he deserves a courteous hearing in the name of decency and fair play.

I wish that plans might be perfected by which groups of students, under faculty direction, utilize the Assembly for the presentation of facts they have learned which are of general art interest, or for the discussion of pertinent current events, tendencies in modern art, and interesting exhibits. I should be glad if the director could find time to speak to us more frequently. As the head of the school whose vision of its service to the community is our compass through uncharted seas, we need his inspiring leadership and guidance.

I would like to see a teacher of music and dramatics in this school who would train and direct our activities in these sister fields of art. Both are our hand maidens in the quest of the beautiful. Music, though subordinated to our other interests, should occupy a position of serious importance in our Assembly. Poor or irrelevant music often mars an otherwise beautiful program. It is worth studying seriously. Personally it would give me great pleasure and satisfaction to take up under skilled leadership the serious study of a few beautiful and worth while musical compositions, and to confine our music during Assembly to these few songs. Once each month I would be glad to devote the whole Assembly period to such singing. We ought to continue to have from time to time interesting talks and discourses by outsiders who have a real story to tell, or word pictures to paint. The test of its excellence should be "is it fine of its kind?"

In short, I would like to have the Assembly the one thing in school that

nobody can afford to miss—first because he realizes that it is his place to be there, both in interest and in responsibility; second, because he recognizes its importance as a factor in his social and cultural development—a place where he is privileged to contribute to the good of the whole while he at the same time develops personal qualities of value and trains himself in beautiful citizenship. I would have it a place where whatever is presented shall be as true and as sincere and as artistic as we can make it.

When we reach the point where our Assembly means all this to us it will live in the heart of every student and every alumnus with a meaning it has never had before, because each of us will have contributed personally to its success.

It will have an influence in creating unity in the school and among the graduates which is now felt too largely as a class attribute or even as that of a single department or division. It will rise to its true place as an educational factor in our social life, a training school for refined social intercourse and leadership.

Some of our dreams of increased efficiency and service have to wait for new buildings, new equipment and increased appropriations. But the dawn of a new day for our Assembly awaits only the awakening of a new consciousness as to its meaning, and the will to lend our personal enthusiasm to its success.

DEAN WILDER.

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woolly hats of monstrous droop. And you will meet ten-year olds in fur bordered coats and foolish slippers, with their young mouths reddened—even as you and I!

You will see a woman in a mink coat stop to exchange gossip with a neighbor who is sifting ashes over the curb. The lady of the ashes will be wearing a faded gingham dress and three strands of cheap pearls. These and many other things you will see—in Boston. The folk of the North End will speak a language as strange as the tiny shops, but the children will destroy the illusion. Their shouts might be any language, but their words are virile American.

DORIS B. WHITTAKER.

BOSTING

As I was asked to write something humorous about Bosting I'll try but probably won't be successful. Now, if I were a New Yorker the task would be simple. Every native of the \$24.00 island considers Bosting the last word in laffs. Why? I don't know, but they're so progressive, you know, and we aren't. Consider the progessive plays on sex—regular he-man stuff being produced in New York. You couldn't get anything like that in Bosting, no siree.

The reason why it will be so hard for me to be humorous about B. is becoz I possess that elusive, if obsolete, quality of worship. Hailing from a one-horse town just out (20 miles) of the city myself, I consider Bosting the center of the whole universe and I don't care who knows it. When I was a kiddy, to go to Boston once a year was the supreme joy; a sort of ceremony that was to be gone about carefully, like religion or something. To visit the stores in my Mecca and be stepped all over by the crowds was, to my mind, the height of all achievement. To walk through the Common gave me such a thrill that you'd think the loafers were some sort of gods. (I didn't know there were loafers then.) Once I ate Boston Baked Beans in Child's—I didn't know it was a brief shoppers' lunch, I thought it was a marvellous feast in a heaven of smooth whiteness like snow and ice.

Here I am getting sentimental and I meant to be funny. Oh well, there's not much difference. To be sentimental is to be funny!

My eyes used to pop out of my head at the sights and signs and smells. Things I wouldn't even glance at now held my entire attention then. I suppose Boston hasn't changed a great deal in fifteen years, but, oh! the difference to me!

Stepping back into the New Yorker's shoes, I'll say that Boston is the funniest city on earth—funny because it is so grim and human and serious—funny because there's no other place like it.

D. D.

Every canvas which does not contain a temperament is a dead canvas.

ZOLA.

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and fun. The tiniest little turned up nose, all tipped with red. Her cheeks, no longer pink, had taken on a yellowish-leathery look, which only deepened in contrast with those dancing, dartling eyes. Yes, I am sure that old brick Nautilus belonged in my Elfland, or maybe it was Gnome Land; I am not quite sure as yet.

Just as I was drifting so pleasingly away on a fleecy cloud, I felt myself bound forward with a jump—in fact I barely missed grinding my nose in the slimy gutter below. Some poor old woman in an old tattered dress with an old, old scarf twined around her shoulders, had unceremoniously bumped me as she hurried mumblingly homeward, thinking of her hungry husband and many children.

Accepting the little aid I had received I hurried along up the hill passing many more houses similar to my dear little Elfland home with its magnetic power.

Oh! What is this? A courtyard—I must stop. Upon seeing no one around I crept noiselessly in to view the interior. In my eagerness I stubbed my toe upon a protruding brick; but, of course, to such an enthusiast that was nothing. I was expecting a whole courtyard of old Parisian characters to come pouring forth from every nook and cranny. Come they did, and in the form of a long, long line of clothes, dashing madly in the wind. As I stood staring at this new phase of my delightful fancy I felt a crestfallen feeling sweep over me, but it did not last long for the whole line of flying dresses took a sudden dash right against my face. It was driven by a rather impatient young miss who was jerking angrily at some queer contrivance just outside the window.

Enough! Whims and fancies are but delightful illusions placed upon a weary soul to aid in the ascent up that high and treacherous ladder we all try so eagerly to climb.

What would you do if you had been beaten in the face by a whole line of laughing clothes? Run away as I did, no doubt. I hastily left the courtyard and continued on my journey up the hill.

Upon nearing the top I felt the breezes again. They sang, and danced, and tossed in my hair. Where did they come from, and why so suddenly?

I did not expect an answer, so quite naturally I received one. Over beyond the hill-top lay the river. A lively, glistening, gleaming river. Far away to the west the sun was sinking in all its splendor. Tonight it sank in a fairy's way. Clear, dainty colors fading silently, courageously one into the other. Here and there were caverns and grottos through which, when I looked, I saw castles and towers of golden hues. They were dainty, charming fairy homes, in which the fairies of lavender, crystal-green and deep cadmium yellow were really dancing and laughing and living with joys and sorrows just like we all find in our own lovely world. Yes, do we not live in a world just as beautiful as theirs? We need only eyes with which to see.

K. GILLETTE.

POSSIBILITIES

How many of us have ever definitely chosen an industrial theme for our busy hands to illustrate? The great throbbing "ships of the highway," the motor trucks, the giant locomotives that push their burdens about the freight depots, the impressive liners, the electric trains, and the rest of the wonderful industrial mechanisms are inspiring and a challenge to any intellectual ability we have.

Every stroke of a piston, churn of a ship's propeller, and whir-r-r and crash of an engine. To see, then, one of these wonderful dynamical creations of our fellow man at ease, or in action, should give rise to an impulse to get the story on canvas or paper, or tell it through the medium that appeals to us.

Within thirty minutes' walk of our own school lie all of these possibilities. The water front, the market places, the thoroughfares and byways of our great downtown district teem with the diligent "arms" of commerce. Therein lie subjects possibly now strange to the artistic sense of most of us. Appreciation of these modern facilities to the extent of reproducing them more often in the future would interest all of us as well as the art loving public.

R. H. BLATTNER.

FACES

How like poems are these nameless faces,
In which God writes His thoughts.
To read them, I would have to be
As old as the earth itself,
As young as the future ages,
And as wise as a new-born child.
Then I would know truth's mystery,
And be intimate with the purpose of life
RACHEL CLAPP.

(Continued From Page Five)

tiger in death battle with a crocodile. A great many of Mr. Dallin's statues are reproduced here in such size* that they may be easily acquired for student appreciation in even small communities.

The question of commercialization of the work of great artists has been subject to much discussion. A visit to these galleries brings a realization of the value of practical distribution of the best examples of sculpture, which otherwise would not be possible.

One might criticize the Caproni Galleries from the standpoint of lack of artistic arrangement and background, but it is to be remembered that they are combined storehouse and display room, and we who have supposedly developed our imagination should be able to supply the needed atmosphere. In the presence of so much beauty it is not difficult.

You may have wondered how we happened to be walking down Washington Street in the wrong direction, as I formerly intimated. A part of the truth—and the reason—was a search for that famed institution for impoverished females, best known as the Franklin Square House. We found it eventually—and not so very far away, had we first but known it.

When the El goes roaring by it every minute or two, and the cobblestones contribute their vibrating rattle and rumble to team and truck all day and most of the night, a memory picture of white and silent figures, Greek warriors and women, Indian chiefs and maidens, dignified statesmen and adorable cherubs, helps to obliterate the noise, the rabble, the pawn shops, the cobblestones and asheans of Washington Street till morning comes again.

R. F.



A Portrait Drawing by Hans Holbein, 1460-1524



Holbein Painted His Portraits From Pencil Drawings Like These



ART NEWS

The Independent Exhibition at 40 Joy Street had a good deal of advance notice, press and otherwise, and everyone who could dashed down the first week to inhale the Bohemian atmosphere and be quite upset by modern art.

There was no need for shock absorbers, to our intense regret. We were quite prepared to be startled, but there was very little of the startling element there. Most of it was just plain amateur and very refreshing. There are so many good exhibitions. Perhaps not good in the deeper sense of the word, but at least good enough as far as outward appearances and polish go, and it is really a pleasure to see a little honest crudity, frankly exhibited. We wish the Independents well.

The Monet Memorial Exhibit at the Museum drew large crowds, especially on the Sunday when the writer tried to look in. The Museum's permanent collection of Monets is so good that the memorial show had little more to offer. Unfortunately, Monet and the great horde of aspiring artists who crowded after him painted so many sunny fields and haystacks that they are almost monotonous en masse. It would be interesting to have been here when Monet's canvases were regarded as astonishing, to say the least; we might then be better able to judge whether the public has simply become accustomed to bright pigments, or whether those same pigments have not faded very decidedly in the last twenty years. Monet and Debussy had much in common, in fault as well as in virtue. One hears a Debussy nocturne for the first time in rapture; the fiftieth time it is still beautiful, but one longs for more power, more vigor and design.

We have made a solemn resolve of several things we are *not* going to do when we are famous portrait painters:

first, we shall absolutely refuse to paint countesses and duchesses, particularly if they look that way; second, no ladies clutching desperately at the family pearls; third, no male sitter with one finger in a nice fat book which he holds conspicuously in the foreground; last but not least, if we do succeed in a likeness—even if we don't—we're not going to clutter up the background with clipper ships, books, stormy landscapes, maps, expiring armies or Italian sunsets.

Alas, Mr. H. Harris Browne, now exhibiting at the Vose Galleries has done all of these things, and for that reason (which may be purely personal) we cannot cheer loudly.

If you have always imagined California as we have, as a land of sunny hills, poppy fields and redwoods, you will be somewhat surprised at the show of a group of California artists at the Art Club. Many of these paintings were done in and around Berkeley (once the writer's home town) and they depart quite far from the Easterner's impression of Sunny California. However, if one investigates deeply enough one forms the conclusion that it must be a very lovely country, and it is evident that the painters are very far from being amateurs.

The Tarbell show at the Guild attracted much attention. Few artists have the nationally high reputation of Mr. Tarbell, and anything he does is worthy of respect. He has been adding laurels to his crown so successfully for the past few years that any attempt at a proper criticism or appreciation here would be absurd. Everybody seems to be taking a shot at the President nowadays, but we found Mr. Tarbell's shot exceptionally true and free from pretense.

Those who braved the stairs at the Guild to see Mr. Ripley's watercolors probably didn't regret the exertion. A

graduate of the Museum School, Mr. Ripley seems an able master of his medium; his scope of work ranging from the detailed to the dashing and vigorous. We enjoyed particularly some oranges against the sky. There is something very invigorating about seeing oranges in their natural habitat, before they are pulled down to be sold and set up as "Nature Morte!"

There were also some water colors at Miss Grace Horne's gallery by John Wade. Mr. Wade does everything one is taught not to do in school. His color is deep and muddy, and occasionally very effective.

AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Thinking of the word illustration, what does it convey? Most of us think immediately of the Saturday Evening Post and the Cosmo, or perhaps we may remember having heard of Howard Pyle and Joseph Pennell. But for the most part we are lost in the sea of conventional illustrations that are turned out by the thousands weekly; those hopelessly same drawings of beautiful young girls and jaunty young men always with the same vapid faces, no matter what the story, or what the medium used. The beautiful girls are differentiated by blonde or brunette hair; the collar ad men sometimes have moustaches; but always, although in a variety of pert poses, they are the same.

Illustration as a finer art, an art expressing the artist, the author, and the idea, is to be seen in the present exhibition of American Book Illustration at the Public Library. The interest of the exhibit lies largely in its breadth of scope; it ranges from Maxfield Parrish to Hendrik Van Loon, proving conclusively that American illustration is not all of one type, that it can be conventional or very modern to suit the subject. There are illustrations in color, wash, pen and ink, wood block and engraving, and all of the work is of high value, and particularly adapted to the book it illustrates. One feels that the possession of these books will be a real pleasure.

Take a good look at this exhibit next time you dash over to the Library to snatch some learning from its shelves. Also salute the Vermeers on the wall; they are worth your attention. B. L.

STEEL

What mighty works are here!

Gigantic trestles, bridges of tremendous span;

Iron-clad monsters, untamed but mastered,

Rebellious, yet yielding to an orderly plan;

Huge skeletons of naked framework

Riveted together with daring zeal—

How intricate must be mind's workshop

Where was planned this world of steel.

RACHEL CLAPP.

(Continued From Page Eight)

tributes of The One God. Every sympathetic Egyptian scholar must realize that the symbolism of the Osiris story is closely akin to our Christian story.

If today we were more familiar with symbols and intimations we could then enter more interestedly into the land of yesterday, and much more hopefully into the land of tomorrow. It is excellent to be able to call a spade a spade. But it is *fully* as *fine* to be able to use one's judgment when not to do so. There are times when life is more lovely if you call a spade: that magic implement which on closest contact with the soil may make a happy home for your crocuses and snowdrops.

ELLA MUNSTERBERG.

MY ENLIGHTENMENT

Since coming to the Massachusetts School of Art, I have learned that:

1. There is a unity underlying all the arts.

2. Literature is a means to life.

3. I have a moral obligation to be intelligent.

4. Though I have been duly initiated into my Boston Club, I am unable to give any of the high signs when requested by the Grand Master.

5. The Unpardonable Sin is dullness.

6. The path of excess leads to prohibition.

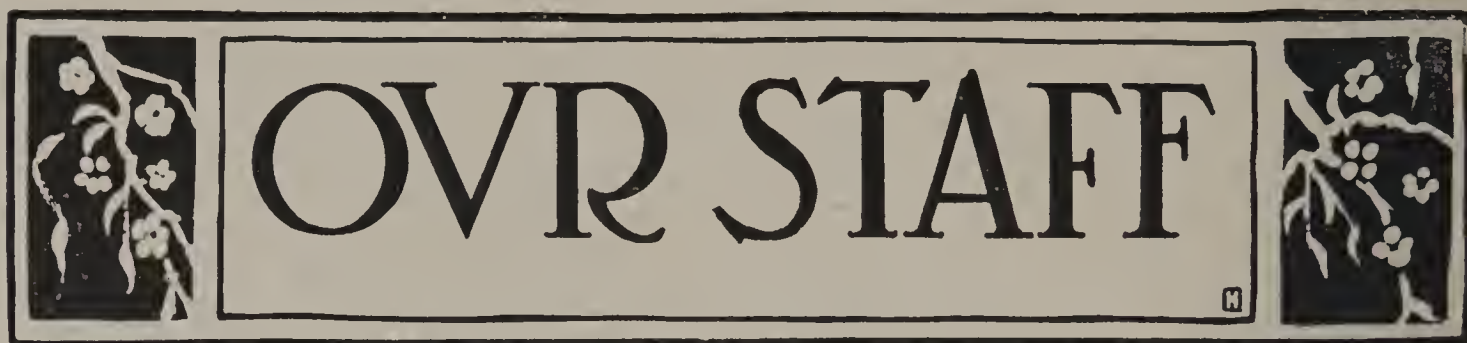
7. The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

8. The road to Parnassus is no road for the weak-kneed or the weak-hearted.

9. To the victor belong the toils.

10. Among the Bromides I'm a Crasher.

IVY GREEN, '30.

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THE EDITOR GOES TO A FIGHT

Dorothy had been wishing to go to a boxing bout ever since she saw the famous lithographs of George Bellows. So when I invaded Mr. O'Donnell's class that Monday morning and announced my newly born but hopeless desire to attend the La Barba-Vacca fight, she cried, "I'll go with you!" Everyone was incredulous and almost everyone slightly shocked. I was asked by morbidly imaginative damsels if I were not afraid of being manhandled by the vulgar audience. They described detail after lurid detail until I had visions of emerging from the portals of the Mechanics Building a mangled corpse. Even Gus advised me to take along a couple of extra hatpins (I have never owned such a dangerous weapon) and warned me that blood would be spurting and splashing all over the ring. Mes enfants, I am here to inform you that you were all wrong—and invite you to go and do likewise.

We enjoyed the situation immensely, for we were well aware of our respective reputations and the ludicrousness of it all tickled our senses of humor. Dorothy is a gentle Puritan maiden whose very thoughts are tame and sweet. I am generally regarded as harmlessly insane. The h. i. one dashed off after tickets while the P. m. paced the corridors until her return. In my intense excitement I paddled through all the

slush to the Arena and purchased tickets for a hockey game. Zella informed me that a hockey game would do me more good than a fight; but I rectified my mistake and at the close of school she called after me, "Remember to tell me all about it tomorrow."

To fill in the hours before the grand event we went to Dorothy's room and read; she a biography of John Singer Sargent, I short essays by Olive Schreiner and a thin volume of philosophical paragraphs by a gentleman who shall be nameless because of my imperfect memory. In his book I found this gem: "No longing remains unfulfilled." Rather an overstatement I fear, but true in one case at least. On the steps of the Mechanics Building there were men and men and men. Inside there were more men. Ordinary men with grey or brown overcoats and cigars. Our seats were Ringside in R, which was not exactly' ringside. We watched to see if any other members of our gender appeared. Our pioneer instincts were vaguely disturbed because they did, although they were all accompanied by men.

The first match was not particularly interesting. A man in light blue trousers exchanged blows with a colored gentlemen in white ones. I could not focus my attention on the ring. Somehow I kept thinking of the colored

fighter as a frankfort.

This scene was not a Bellows' lithograph or a Bellows' canvas. There were no velvet darks, no dazzling lights. The smoke from hundreds of cigars filled the hall with a blue haze through which the scattered lamps shone like stars, red aureoled. The place was crowded with spectators; around the ring, upon the large platform at the end of the hall, in the narrow gallery, and high above standing in arched openings. Up there near the roof everything was mysteriously indistinct and green grey; below, a nameless color largely composed of yellow ochre. Against these neutral chromas the warm flesh of the boxers and the gay hues of their trunks gleamed fresh and bright.

I amused myself by recording the colors of the short breeches. In the second preliminary bout one Johnny Moore was decorated with magenta ones that bore his monogram in white embroidery. I decided that he should be beaten for such effeminate trappings. His opponent was an intelligent looking Italian lad, a substitute. Substitute or no, I started rooting for Tony. I approved of his intelligence, also his drapery which was of undistinguishable hue. Following the lead of Ernest L. Major I jotted down "ashes of roses" for Tony. It was a lively fight. Tony won.

About this time I conceived the noble idea of a boxing ballet. The fighters were so supple and their footwork so delightfully agile that, given rhythm and a pattern, they would have been dancing. I wondered if any of them ever forgot the business in hand and gave himself up to the joy of rhythmic movement.

The next bout was cut from eight to six rounds because one of the boxers was decidedly heavier than the other. Joe Salas in purple walloped Joe Dwyer in kelly green. A very dull affair.

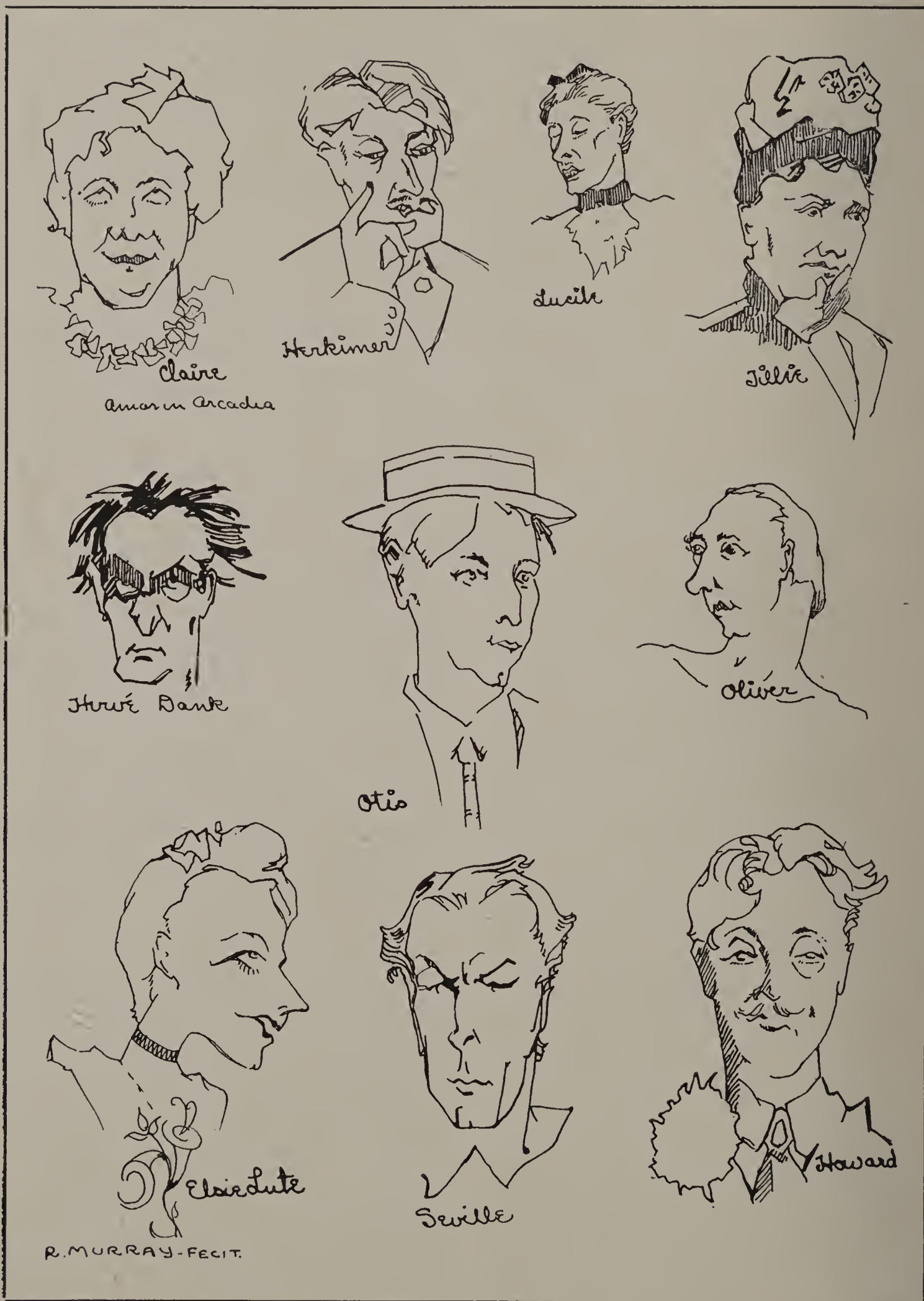
But Dorothy did not mind that. She was watching the performance through her field glasses, studying anatomy by long distance. From time to time she informed me of any slight spilling of blood. We both wished it were possible to transport the boxers to school so that the whole Junior class might benefit by

the display of their back and shoulder muscles.

Suddenly there was a stir of interest as a tall youth clambered into the ring. Instead of the time-honored bathrobe he wore a longsleeved green jersey with white letters across the shoulders. These announced him as Ruby Levine. Self-confident and magnetic, he stood alone in the center of the ring. Any actress would have been satisfied to have made such an entrance. Then the seconds arrived with all their paraphernalia, and Toney Carney appeared in generously full panties of yellow satin. Maybe I qualify as a describer of breeches, but I refuse to attempt the description of a fight. I can only tell you that I enjoyed it. Dorothy wanted me to notice that the arch of Toney's ribs was wide like those in the classic statues. I could not see anything special about it. Later she announced that she had confused the names, that Ruby was the one with the wide arch. I was also given to understand that blood was coming from somewhere in the front of Toney's neck. The Puritan maiden went into ecstasies over Ruby's physique. Not only had he a nice wide arch, but a wonderful stomach and magnificent thighs. These modelling people! I did not care to analyze his charms, the general effect was pleasing enough for me. I agreed with her that he had the figure of a Greek god. Toney looked uncouth beside him. Need I tell you who won? Ruby did, how could he help it?

It was time for the main bout—the flyweight champion of the world against a bantamweight from Brighton. It was lucky for Fidel La Barba that he was not defending his title that night! A picturesque figure came into sight, chunky in a red and green checked bathrobe and a cap pulled down over his ears—Johnny Vacca. We wondered if the champion would wear tights of dignified black. (He did not.) Fidel entered the ring, debonair and smiling. The newspaper writers have expatiated upon his classic features. He looked like any pleasant, well-bred boy to me. The boy who served his friend as second during his big bout, the boy who wants to

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These Are Portraits of Prominent 1902-ers—If You Believe It. If You Don't,
Read the Article on the Opposite Page

THE CLASS OF 1902

Otis has an inferiority complex. Until he came to art school folks just said he was queer. He lives in constant fear of elevator men, picture gallery guards and school secretaries.

Clair goes in strong for romantic literature just as she does for squash and ping pong. She has a desire for big, strong brutes who crush their lady loves to their panting chests. Unfortunate man who attempts it with Clair, for coyly playing the game according to rule, she resists, with disastrous effects upon the hapless victim of her overpowering physique. We suggest she turn her talents to the field of lady wrestlers, preferably in France. The specially posed photo above shows Clair in her most attractive frame of mind. Not even her best friend would think of telling her she had "It." Amor in Arcadia.

This is Oliver. He doesn't belong here. He is just a model that men forget. But Oliver is democratic to say the least, and believes in putting the art students quite at their ease. He is notorious for his well developed acromions.

The flashlight photo above is of Mr. Dank emerging from a ferocious essay on the evil mechanitions of the manner in which school elections are conducted. From his first day in school, when Mr. Dank was mistaken by a sophomore for a Russian, he has dedicated his political career to the overthrow of the viscious control of the political hydras. Mr. Dank is very entertaining in class meetings. Between campaigns he is the Philistine of low order who lectures on the solution of the insoluble in modern art.

Elsie takes a lovely picture, doesn't she? She is the class poet or poetess, whichever you prefer, if you are not strong for the truth at all times. She writes strange mystical things which do not rhyme and are vague and incoherent in meaning, but are quite the thing since they express the abstraction of man's inner consciousness. Frequently the enormity of mental effort so crushes her that only asterisks can express her feeling. The critics say that her poetry on youth's aberrations mark her as a poetical Peter Pan and predict that she will never grow up.

This stern portrait is of Seville. Se-

ville is not Spanish. His mother was romantically inclined. Some tactless woman told him that he resembled John Drew. Since that fatal moment, Seville has gone in for Drama. In water color class he is so interesting as he practices on his emotions. Here he excels and pulls thumbtacks from his board with great feeling and histrionic gusto, indicating passion. Seville would recover if the girls would only leave him alone. We cannot put things straight for him now, but only hope and pray.

This picture of Lucille really isn't too good because she jumped when the powder flash exploded. But you must not think Lucille lacks courage. She is the most broadminded thinker in her class and practically determines what shall be "au fait" in yellow-back novels, concerts, and who shall disport with those in the social swim of the school. The fact that Lucille is one of the Searby-Searbys of Pinckney Street does much to refute the crass statements of the boys that she isn't a typical cold Bostonian but only numb.

Howard, shown above by special permission of himself, is the class dandy. His future lies ahead in the costume designing, for where his heave line and Don Juan bow will have the "Hill" thrown for a loss. He is the originator of the embroidered class apron. A trifle absent-minded about remembering names, he remains single, eligible, with plenty of opportunities, but thus far has not been entrapped.

This is Herkimer. He comes from West Medford, but admits it only when called upon at the bank to identify his checks from home which support his Charles Street studio. Herkimer is a very different boy. Conventions are the bane of his life and he spends all his modelling periods in the back room translating Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to the half-wits who believe in religion, law and order, and one wife at a time. Someday Herkimer will go home where he will inherit his dad's drug store and will be a useful member of his community.

Tillie is Scotch. Her picture above shows her at a disadvantage. She

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CLASS NEWS

FRESHMAN NOTES

'Lo, Artgumites! How's everything by you? Same here! Feeling kind of sassy tonight so maybe this is going to be sour.

I was so excited when Mr. O'Donnell read us about the moonlight rider and the landlord's black-eyed daughter. And didn't you get a kick out of Jonah a-chewin', a-chawin' and a-spittin' in the river? That poem "What Is Love for Country?" made me think. I want to hear him again.

We're having the most fascinating work in Miss Bartlett's class. I'm just about in love with it—and her.

More of us are getting B's in modeling. When I get an A—"Then I'll Be Happy" and work for some more. A's remind me of Mr. Major. Don't you laugh now, he's taught us a thing or two, believe me!

We certainly missed our friend, Mr. Hoadley. He was absent for a few days and weren't we glad when he came back! His absence, however, gave us a chance to catch up on some back work. We've been doing "liberry" work for both Mr. Hoadley and Mr. Jamison. Aha! Methinks they are in league with each other!

Dear me! Mr. Brewster keeps saying, "Well, you haven't *started* working for me, yet." We like to mix colors though.

And what do you s'pose? We're getting quieter 'n' quieter in Mr. Cain's class, honest!

Of course, you've attended the Freshman assembly. Wasn't the Minstrel Show-off good? Stubby makes a pretty good end-man and his sidekick isn't so bad, at that. Bob Blattner's some player. And our brown-eyed Amendola surely can perform on the violin. Say! wasn't that last selection just perfect? Elizabeth Gibbon's trombone solo surprised and pleased us beyond words!

Guess we'll all remember this Freshman assembly for some time.

My hand's getting weak, and the moon is hanging low over Boston city.

(Continued till next time)

SOPHOMORE DOINGS

Jazz! Jazz! Jazz! That is what is popular, isn't it? Not so with all of us but most of us like jazz, so most of us liked the Sophomore entertainment given January 19th at Assembly. Our jazzy classmates gave us some moving music throughout the hour. Many wished the floor was cleared so that they could be spinning around rather than sitting in their seats merely listening to "Mary Lou," etc.

We watched Rae Willey do an Oriental dance and Max Gorodnitsky did a clog dance for us.

For the rest of us who like music more classical, Mary Schrode sang, to her own accompaniment.

We went to Spain and saw a dance by Señorita Rosamond Adams, and Señor Margaret Hall.

How splendid it would be to have a Bob Amenadola in the Sophomore class. His music moves us on into a strange, mysterious realm, carrying us higher and higher until we are finally brought back again by the clapping of many hands.

AN APPEAL

Are there any people who know any people who have any Lubkes or Elie Faures or Grimms? If so, would they donate them to the several libraries which are stampeded for these books. This generation is nearly through with them, but we have the future generations in mind, when they are preparing HISTORY NOTE BOOKS.

JUNIOR JOLTS

So many of the juniors are leaving us that we sadly fear the species is becoming

ing extinct. Of course we might give some of the sophomores double promotions, but they would ever lack the sardonic cynicism of our maturity. Fran-nie Shaw relinquished our society some time ago. We liked her a lot (still do, for that matter) and sincerely hope that her absence isn't permanent. Rosalie Slocum deserted quite recently but in such a quiet and unobtrusive manner that it came as a tremendous surprise to most of us. We are exceedingly proud, however, to think that one of our number is doing so splendidly. She is supervisor of drawing and music in Terryville, Connecticut. Of course we miss her ever so much, but we feel that her opportunity is a splendid one.

At the present writing, we regret to announce that the junior class is afflicted with a serious epidemic of squibs. For the benefit of the uncontaminated let us state that squibs will kill the complexion, wreck the will power, annihilate the nervous system, and leave the brain in a state of cold gravy. It is easy to detect the symptoms of a sufferer from squibs at the start. He has curvature of the spine; his hair hangs lank and his hands are clammy; his eyes have a glassy glare; and his teeth gnash and grind rhythmically. Frequently the victim will attack his best friends with vitriolic viciousness, while he licks the boots of his dearest enemies and feeds them lump sugar. However, this affliction, so hideously horrible, has one overwhelming compensation:—IT IS FATAL.

FROM THE SENIORS

Sometimes, sometimes, to each of us there comes knocking on the door, laughter, joy, song—or—pain, sorrow,—sleep and rest . . .

And I too, "saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death; but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness; and in that I saw the infinite Love of God."

John Ruskin says: "In our whole life melody, the music is broken off here and there by 'rests,' and we foolishly think we have come to the end of time. God sends a time of forced leisure—sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts—and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that

our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. But be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' . . . If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear."

Therefore, take peace and comfort.

Tell me, if you had a very beautiful chest filled with very beautiful thoughts, would you be like King Midas, apt to say—"No, no! They are mine. I wish everything I touched would turn into gold for me,"—or would you offer with the greatness of your heart to some one less wealthy, just some one precious thought from your very beautiful chest—as Livia Tonan did:

From D'Annunzio's "Noturno"

Gabriele D'Annunzio, one of the greatest Italian poet writers of today, and aviator, wrote in his "Noturno" incidents that happened in the great World War. Among them some of his own experiences much disguised by philosophy.

Here is one in which he tells of losing his eye. I have taken the freedom of translating this from the Italian version.

LIVIA TONAN.

An angel and a demon of night blow upon the fires that have kindled in my wounded eye. Innumerable steel lances flash from it into the wind.

My body is abandoned, and my head is hanging backward like a pendulum. I feel beneath me no bed or pillow. I feel instead a confused rumble. I hear the throbbing of the airplane and the crashing of battle.

A rude and piteous hand rises and sustains me.

The shadow of the left wing is above me and the air of the propeller crowns me.

The heroic pilot takes back to the country the sacrificed poet.

Oh enveloping glory!

Has that human or divine fist cast a more august seed to the earth?

In the rapidity of war the insensate blood is sowed like grain.

Each seed divides itself into mirages, like an excruciating cascade where the rainbow is born.

It does not sink, it flies; it does not fall, it rises.

I look at my face, transfigured in the coming centuries of greatness.

The soul does not withdraw, but is attracted to the wound, held by an invisible tie where will makes it burn stronger than the hail storm.

Long suffering connected into subterranean joy. Long misery changed into a halo of purity.

The soul looks at the glorious face, which now is truly hers, the face she so desired and could not have.

She knew death to be a victory, but not so great.

Immortal, she is altogether radiant in death, and the wind of her flying funeral does not smolder her.

Flesh was her toll, and now it is her harvest.

Blood was her turbulence—now it is her miracle. Life was her limit, and now it is her freedom.

She is carried by the body as an inner torch of creative beauty.

No body of a confessor or martyr on the scaffold was ever as beautiful as this body laying on the fragile edge of the new dawn.

No wounded eagle was ever so brave in bleeding forth its life by the flapping of her wings.

The last whirl of the plane is silent.

The heroic pilot brings back to the country the sacrificed poet.

All the hymns of Italy rise up in unison with her flags.

Glory kneels down and kisses the dust.

Tonight the demon takes my eye in the palm of his hand and blows upon it with all the force of his swollen cheeks. All the burning images become brighter.

The distant battle of Mosa enters the fire of my brain.

Those drunken battalions come toward me, they come toward me on the run.

I see them across the poles that hold up the tangled barbed wire.

Against the background of spitting flame I distinguish their faces—one by one—convulsed by fury and terror—

(Continued on Page Twenty-six)

(Continued From Page Nineteen)

go to college and then sell bonds. There is a wreath of romance about the figures of the ring, even as there is about those of the stage and screen. There was nothing romantic about Fidel La Barba that Monday night. Perhaps he was thinking about college and the bond business. Or perhaps the dramatic Ruby Levine had spoiled me for anything but the theatrical. Anyway I was disappointed in him.

Nevertheless, I was vastly surprised when Vacca knocked the champion down. Everyone promptly arose, making it impossible for me to see whether he took the count of ten or not. Above the heads of the audience I could catch glimpses of the referee's arm moving slowly up and down, then the heads of the boxers, then again the slowly moving arm of the referee. Impotently I stood there on my chair, listening to the rumors that drifted by. How accidental and cruel life sometimes seems! One swift blow to a momentarily unguarded spot robs us of a treasure it has taken years to win. But La Barba was on his feet again and the fight went on. In the fourth round came another punch that almost knocked him out. Frantically I shouted, "Fight, Fidel!" Fidel fought. I considered him unnecessarily timorous, overlooking the very obvious fact that a man who has been felled four times might do well to exercise caution. Round after round the gong would ring and the boxers start forward, towels still about their shoulders. The seconds would disappear under the ropes with the pails and stools. Much careful watching and parrying, the quick thrust of a gloved fist, another clinch. Over and over again. Resounding blows that met the flesh with staggering impact, powerful blows that missed their mark. Clinches that kept the referee busy. The tenth round ended without a knockout punch. We waited for the decision while members of the audience yelled, "Vacca, Vacca!" and argued gently and without profanity—gently because they all agreed. The referee raised Johnny Vacca's arm.

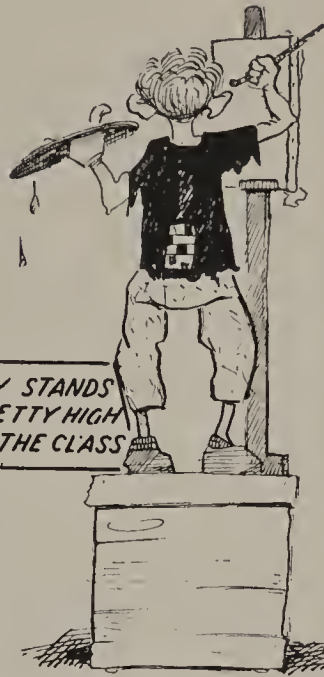
I wonder if Fidel La Barba is as much interested as he was in going to college?



SHE MUST BE AMERICAN
HER ACCENT IS SO—
—DIFFERENT—



A FRESHMAN GETTING IT IN THE
NECK AT MODELLING



ROY STANDS
PRETTY HIGH
IN THE CLASS



HOMO SAP. OF THE SPECIES
OF ART, NEVER WORKS.
HOBBIES:- DRESS DESIGN,
BATING, MONOGRAMMED,
CIGARETTES



ONE THOUSAND WOULDN'T
BUY MY PICTURE!
- COUNT ME ONE OF THE
THOUSAND

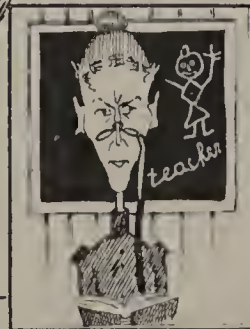
A DESIGNER FILLING AN EMPTY SPACE



A SENIOR BEFORE HE
GRADUATES



.... AND AFTER



SOME OF US IN
1928



(Continued From Page Twenty-four)

They go up in flames like bunches of dry straws.

They become lumps of blackened flesh which does not consume itself nor become ashes, but burns endlessly without flame.

I remain all night against the barbed wire counting the dead forms.

They are caught between rails. They are strangled between wire. They swing from poles like thieves badly nailed against their crosses. They are twisted like beasts in a trap.

They have no eyelashes. They have no lips.

I see their eyes fixed and white and their teeth clenched and bare.

I see blood running down wood and wire, collecting, becoming black and hard.

There is no more dew. There are no more dawns in the world.

Irene Duntlin's chest is filled with books, interesting people and Spring, full of joy to the young in years and—to the young in heart—yes,
"Brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart."
—because Irene will!

As I Read It

Spring is approaching—the season that belongs to the young—not only the young in years but the young in heart. And so I believe that a certain little volume of poetry might well have been dedicated not only to Christopher Robin—but to the young in heart as well. The book, of course, is "When We Were Very Young" by A. A. Milne—a delightful, whimsical study of the child's point of view. Though essentially English in setting, the book is cosmopolitan—it might concern any child in any land or time. The verses lack the formality of the nursery rhyme and the obvious attempt of the grown-up to stimulate a sense of make-believe—they are "make-believe" just as they are fact in the mind of the child.

How many of us as children walked on the street being careful to avoid stepping on the cracks? And how many of us could "make-believe" with the charm of "Lines and Squares"—

Whenever I walk in a London street
I'm ever so careful to watch my feet
And I walk in the squares and the
masses of bears

Who wait at the corner all ready to eat
The sillies who walk on the lines of the
street.

Go back to their lairs
And I say to them "Bears,
Just see how I'm walking in all of the
squares."

And while I'm thinking poetry, I can't resist mentioning two who are considered by some to be the greatest of modern American poets—Edna St. Vincent Millay and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Their poetry is a far cry from that of the children's poet above. We find Miss Millay's poetry clever, sometimes gay, sometimes melancholy but always whimsical—and *never* dull. She is a master of words and wields her tools sparingly, subtly and effectively. Some of her pathos may be felt in:

"Beat me a crown of bluer metal
Fret it with stones of a foreign style
The heart grows weary after a little.
Of what it loved for a little while."
—or in the lines from "The Spring and The Fall":
"'Tis not love's going hurts my days
But that it went in little ways."

In distinct contrast to Miss Millay's work is that of Mr. Robinson's. Here we find a character brush applied not brilliantly but skillfully—direct, simple and idiomatic in form. Mr. Robinson has painted the background of American poetry.

I find as I write that the type of his poetry I like and know best is that of characterization, and that "Richard Corey," "Miniver Cheevy" and "Flammonde" ably illustrate this type. His characterizations are strong, sometimes cynical, as in "Richard Corey"—the man who was handsome, rich and admired while his neighbors envied and
"—worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed
the bread;
And Richard Corey, one calm summer
night
Went home and put a bullet through his
head."

In "Flammonde" we find a less tragic but more subtle character. Flammonde appeared "from God knows where" and

worked the petty differences of a small town into a sympathetic whole.

"Erect, with his alert repose

About him, and about his clothes

He pictured all tradition hears

Of what we owe to fifty years.

His cleansing heritage of taste

Parade neither want nor waste;

And what he needed for his fee

To live, he borrowed graciously."

And the tragic, humorous "Miniver Cheevy born too late,"

"Miniver cursed the commonplace

And eyed a khaki suit with loathing:

He missed the medieval grace

Of iron clothing."

"The Master," a study of Lincoln, is strong and sympathetic. These are, to quote from "Flammonde"—"but four of many out of many more." Seek and ye shall find.

IRENE DUNTLIN.

There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to evade the real labor of thinking.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(Continued From Page Nine)

problem of stable and evanescent truth in nature.

"He had been but a virtuoso, a mere juggler with colors, if it had not been that, behind and beyond the strange new art which he invented he possessed the remote and tranquil temper of a man in love with solitude, a dreaming pantheist portraying the tremulous life around him, a soul at one with the changing seasons, a dweller in the land of enchantment, a man in whom simplicity and grandeur were indissolubly united."

L. B.

(Continued From Page Twenty-one)

wouldn't remove her hat for the camera-man because she just knew her hair was a sight. She is in a sad mood. About to put her fur coat in storage she ripped both pockets trying to stuff in mamma's muff and Lucy's fur piece.

R. W. M.

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(Continued From Page Four)

retaining wall. The entrance is through a black, gloomy stone arch with a suggestion of the Egyptian in style.

A little aloof perhaps the burial ground may seem as it rests on a little higher level than the pavement on which the public hurries by.

Truly the little, dull colored headstones standing shoulder to shoulder hold many secrets of the Romance of old Boston.

HELENA SAUNDERS.

An artist is a man who knows that he must fail.

THOMAS BEER.

THE SNOOPATH IN ART

It was an artless snoopath and she passed across my way, when I was painting Chinese prints in the Museum one day. She held up high her lorgnette and at my paper squinted. She gushed with joy and cried to me, "'Tis exquisitely tinted!" "Oh!" I groaned, "deliver me," and speedily departed, but

another snoopathic pair my blackest ire upstarted. I saw an old and painted doll at Venus' beauty leer, while she told her friend, "Now, don't be shocked; for that is art, my dear!" I went into a cubist's room to view his wedgy maze, and heard a silly snoopy youth in reverent honor praise. He cried aloud, "O wondrous art; it surely is most lovely. It bears my thoughts to angelic forms that swing in clouds above me!" A stern reformer said to me, "I fear you're getting wild. Do you paint nudes? Oh, heavenly day! You mustn't do that child." But I found the ancient snooper in an exhibition free, where he stared at Aphrodite rising whitely from the sea!

A. F. A. S.

I look on that man as happy who, when there is a question of success looks into his work for a reply, not into the market, not into opinion, not into patronage.

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